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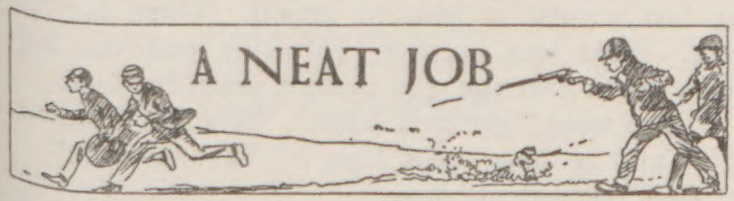
FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

THE
CHILDREN'S PAPER

JUNE 1922 THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.



"BILLIE," said Tom to his friend, "have you ever seen an owl?"

"No; I've heard them hooting at night, but I have not seen a live one," said Billie.

"Well, you come with me to-night and I'll show you an owl's nest; but it's in an old ruin, and people do say it's haunted."

"Haunted?" said Billie. "All the better. Nice quiet place for Dame Owl to build in. Let's have a walk round."

It's a top-hole game walking round by moonlight when you are supposed to be asleep in bed!

Dame Owl *had* built her nest up there, but the boys couldn't see it.

"We could get down from the window," suggested Tom, and in they went.

The place was half a ruin; no one came near it, and there was a blood-curdling ghost tale tacked to it. The boys scorned ghosts; but they nearly came to grief on the stairs, because the balusters had gone.

"Pretty mouldy," said Billie, and opened a door.

"Hullo!" quoth Tom, and promptly fell over something which lay in a corner of the room.

It was a bag—a frumpy old black bag.

Tom carried it to the window and opened it.

"Gee-whiz!" he gasped.

It *was* gee-whiz with a vengeance. The bag was stuffed full of small jewel cases. The boys opened about a dozen and fairly gaped.

Tom was the first to reach a conclusion. "Don't you remember," he said, "there was a burglary three nights ago at a banker's house near Cotham? The burglar must have hidden the stuff here, and will be coming back for it."

It was likely enough, and——

Billie gripped his brother's arm.

"Hear that?" he asked.

That was the swish of motor tyres in the mud of the lane. The burglar, or burglars, were returning.

The boys looked round.

"Better bolt into another room," said Tom hoarsely, "and rush down when he gets in here."

There was just time and no more.

The boys flattened themselves against the crumbling wall. The heavy footsteps had crossed the passage, a husky voice had called to some one below.

There were two of them.

Tom leaned towards Billie's ear.

"Wait," he breathed.

The next instant a shout was raised from the window of the next room.

"Jake, you fool, come up. The swag's gone."

There were some round oaths, then more steps on the stairs.

"Now!" panted Tom. They made the rush.

A yell from behind. Spotted!

"The car," cried Billie. They were up into it before you could say "Knife."

Billie *had* driven a car once, and the engine still throbbed. A shot rang out from the house. Those burglars meant business. Down the lane shot the car.

"Cheero!" yelled Tom.

But it was not so much cheero when the car swung about and got jammed in the wet ooze of the ditch. Two desperate men were in pursuit.

"Across by the gap," panted Billie; and they were through the hedge, racing as only boys can race.

It was a fine sprint, but the men behind were good runners too. They were heading them off, and a second bullet grazed Billie's shoulder.

There was one chance, and one only.

"Gipsy's Hollow," gurgled Tom; and straight for it they went.

The place was all but sheer, and not even in calm moments had the boys descended it.

Now they reached the edge with one intent.

A shout from behind told of triumph. The burglars felt they had run their quarry to earth.

"Over," muttered Tom, and over it was.

The bag went first, then came the boys.

It was a hair-raising descent.

Down—down—gripping at every tuft of grass for all they were worth.

The burglars had reached the edge above.

As the lads climbed down they could hear those above them talk.

"Shall we plug them?" asked one.

"No need," said the other. "They'll take a month o' Sundays getting down. Round by May's Lane, and we shall find the stuff at the bottom of the Hollow."

"Steady," quoth Tom. He had heard Billie slip.

It was a new sort of race now, but the boys were getting used to that scramble. Down they came at last amidst a rush of gravel. There lay the bag. Billie was limping, but Tom had the bag. They could hear the men running down the lane.

"You scoot," groaned Billie. "My foot's game."

"Can't be done," said Tom. "Take my arm."

They reached the road.

The men were looking for the bag.

"*Scoot*," pleaded Billie. "They won't wait to shoot me. They'll be after you."

Tom scooted.

Up the road came the burglars. They did not see Billie, who had flopped on to the bank.

Shouts ahead! More shouts!

Billie was up again, limping. What *was* happening?

Down the road once more came Tom, alone and bagless.

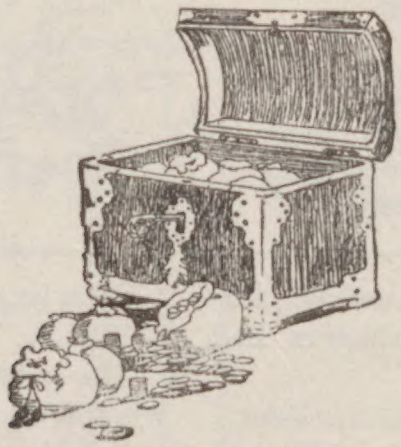
Billie could have sobbed. After all——

"Cheero!" yelled Tom. "Met three bobbies at the crossroads. They've nabbed the burglars and got the jewels. I've come back for you. Cheero!"

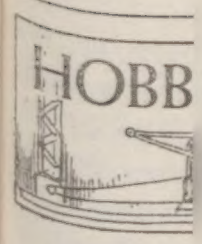
And it *was* "Cheero" for the boys, I can tell you that. The next day the whole neighbourhood rang with a tale in which they were the heroes. Was that the best of the business, or was it when Sir Falkner Besley, the owner of the jewels, gave them each a gold watch, and invited them over to his place to thank and feast them?

Cheero! *Some* game!

In future all Tom and Billie's schoolfellows mean to investigate haunted houses!



BRITISH MUSEUM



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For Boys and Girls.

The Aquarium.

AN aquarium is a vessel in which sea-water animals and plants are kept, or fresh-water ones. Quite recently I have seen one, in which beautiful sea-anemones (pronounced *a-nem-o-nees*) have been kept alive for over fifty years by the care and devotion of an Edinburgh lady, who has studied their habits and mode of life so as to keep them in the best and healthiest conditions.

Sea-anemones are so much like flowers that they are often mistaken for plants, but they are animals who like to live on rocks and in the deep sea. Some are of a brown colour, others are deep crimson, and others again are cream and orange coloured. From the top of the animal numerous thread-like pieces spread out in a wonderful way, and in the centre is the mouth. When the anemone is in the water these threads, or tentacles as they are called, are spread out in order to catch its food. It is supposed that anemones have no eyes, therefore they cannot see, and no ears, so that they cannot hear.

Those of you who would like to make an aquarium must get a large, deep glass bowl, measuring about eighteen inches across. In this place two or three pretty stones, a shell or two, a piece of coral if you have any, and some of the pretty green seaweed which looks like grass. Then fill it up to within two or three inches of the brim with sea water, not taken from near the shore but brought from some little distance out to ensure its purity. This bowl must be refilled about once in six weeks. Every day some water should be dipped out of the bowl with a cup and poured back into it, thus producing air bubbles to make it more healthy, or this could be done with a siphon bought for the purpose.

It is not a great task to feed the anemones, as they only require a meal once a month. If fed too often they will die. Their food consists of a tiny speck of fresh raw, juicy meat, about as big as the head of a pin, cut off and dropped into the mouth of each of the largest sea-anemones. The little ones do not require this; they find nourishment enough in the sea water.

These little creatures must not be kept too cold or too hot. In winter they should be in a room where there is a fire, and in summer blinds must be drawn on hot days to prevent the water from becoming too warm. Dead seaweed should be removed now and then.

To obtain the anemones look into the rock-pools which are left when the tide goes out, and you will often find all sorts of curious creatures. Sometimes you will see on the dry rocks little blobs of red, green, olive, or brown jelly. These are sea-anemones. They look very different and much prettier when in the water. Those I saw in the aquarium I have described had been sent packed in seaweed from the Clyde, Cornwall, Ulva Island off the coast of Mull, and Ireland. They can both crawl and swim, but they do not travel much, and like to stay at home if plenty of food can be found.

Motto for June.

To little things give greatest heed,
That so by love, and faith, and care
We may be great indeed.—J. CROWTHER.

Sent in by MARY MOONEY,
43 Duke Street, Glasgow,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Bible Lesson.

The Poetry of the Bible.

THERE are in the Bible many beautiful poems. The words at the ends of the lines do not rhyme, but the thoughts in many of them are the noblest and most beautiful that have ever been expressed in words. Take, for example, the song of Miriam, the sister of Moses, after the Children of Israel had passed through the Red Sea. Exodus, chapter 15, verses 1–19, is where this verse occurs :—

"And with the blast of Thy nostrils
The waters were gathered together,
The floods stood upright as an heap ;
The depths were congealed in the heart of the sea."

Before Jacob died he called his sons together and blessed them in a powerful song—Genesis, chapter 49, verses 3–32—which contains the following striking lines of poetry :—

"Joseph is a fruitful bough,
Even a fruitful bough by a well,
Whose branches run over the wall.
The archers have sorely grieved him,
And shot at him and hated him ;
But his bow abode in strength,
And the arms of his hands were made strong
By the hands of the mighty God of Jacob."

In the song composed by Moses in Deuteronomy, chapter 32, verses 1–43—sometimes called the Song of the Rock—there is a description of God's tender care and goodness in leading the Children of Israel through the desert. Verse 11 shows this in very beautiful poetry :—

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest,
Fluttereth over her young,
Spreadeth abroad her wings,
Taketh them, beareth them on her wings,
So the Lord alone did lead him,
And there was no strange god with him.
He made him ride on the high places of the earth
That he might eat the increase of the fields ;
And He made him to suck honey out of the rock,
And oil out of the flinty rock."

As I told you, in these days poetry had no rhyming sound to impress the lines on the memory, but in place of it the same thought was expressed in different words, and given again and again, in every new form the poet could think of, so that the idea might be thoroughly grasped. Thus, in the Song of the Rock, the main thought was the unchangeableness of God. The first two verses show this clearly :—

"Give ear, O heavens,
And I will speak,
My doctrine shall drop
As the rain."

"And hear, O earth,
The words of my mouth,
And my speech shall distil
As the dew."

The Book of Psalms is a collection of poems written for the purpose of being sung or chanted to a musical accompaniment. Some were for public use in the Temple, others for private use. Some are full of joy and gladness, others are bitter and sorrowful. Though we often call them the Psalms of David, it is quite certain that David did not write all of them. The earliest of the Psalms is believed to be the 90th, which has the title "A prayer of Moses, the man of God."

The 23rd Psalm was written by David, who was a shepherd boy of Bethlehem before he was King of Israel.

Psalm 104, one of the most beautiful of these poems, has for its chief thought the glory of God shown in the creation and preservation of the world.

Psalm 107 is a hymn of praise to God's goodness as shown in His wonderful works to the children of men.

In the 139th Psalm we see God's knowledge of every man, and His care for each of us. It concludes with a prayer in which David asks that God, who knows all about him, will be his constant Helper :—

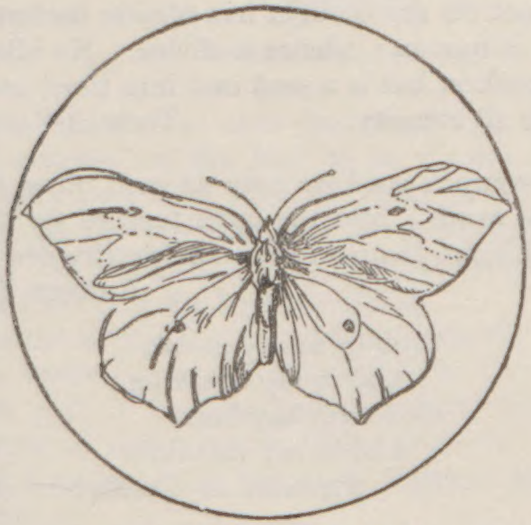
"Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me and know my thoughts ; and see
If there be any wicked way in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting."

Butterflies.

THESE beautiful insects have wings that in themselves are quite colourless. They are covered, however, with tiny scales of the most gay and lovely tints. Each butterfly has thousands of these scales on its wings, arranged in wonderful patterns.

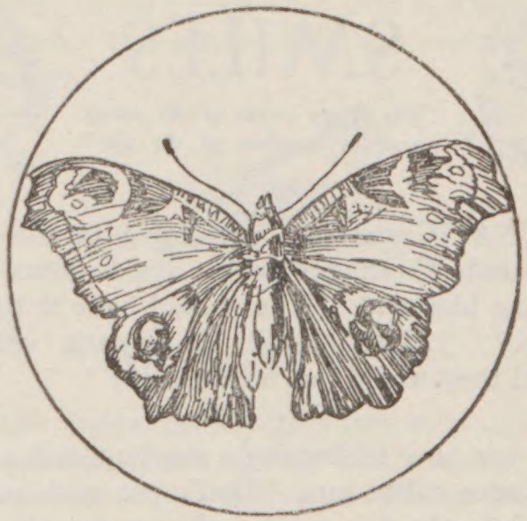
Butterflies undergo three changes. When first they are hatched from the egg, the mother places her young on some plant which will be suitable for it to feed upon. It is then a caterpillar, and it finds its food on the plant on which it has been placed. After a time the caterpillar attaches itself, by silken threads across the body, to a leaf, a twig, or any convenient place of shelter. When the sunny days come it wakes up from its winter sleep and begins to fly. So you see it has three stages of life—first, as a caterpillar; second, as a chrysalis; third, as a beautiful butterfly.

The insect seems glad to be alive, and flies here, there, and everywhere, so that it is a pleasure to watch it. Among the first butterflies to appear in the spring are the Brimstone and the Peacock butterflies. The first is a beautiful yellow insect with a red dot on each of its wings towards the centre of them. The Peacock butterfly has marks on its wings like the tail feathers of the peacock. The under parts of the wings are very dark coloured. It often lays its eggs on nettles, for the caterpillar of the Peacock butterfly likes to eat the leaves of stinging nettles.



BRIMSTONE BUTTERFLY.

The Cabbage butterfly is very often seen. It feeds upon the cabbage and lays its eggs there. Small birds destroy great numbers of the caterpillars. A titmouse has been known to take five or six caterpillars to its nest in a few minutes. The butterfly is white with a small black patch on the upper side of the top wing. It appears at the end of April or early in May.



PEACOCK BUTTERFLY.

The Tortoiseshell butterfly also frequently lays its eggs on stinging nettles. The colour and pattern on its wings are something like the markings on tortoiseshell—that is why it is so-called. There is a small one, and one much larger and rarer, in this variety.

TORTOISESHELL BUTTERFLY.

Butterflies are most interesting and beautiful insects, and we should feel thankful to the Divine Providence that has made the earth such a goodly place with His gift of gay butterflies and lovely flowers.

Golden Text for June.

Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—EPHESIANS iv. 32.

SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young are the sunshine of the old"

A LUNATIC was seen wandering in the asylum grounds wheeling a barrow upside-down. Some one seeing him said, "You should have it the other way up." "Hush," said the lunatic anxiously, "if I did they would put bricks in it!"

A LADY was once addressing a meeting, and a man in the audience called out, "Don't you wish you were a man?" Quick as thought came the reply, "Don't you?"

A CONJURER was giving a performance at a children's party, and he asked one of the boys in the audience to come and assist him. Before getting to work he said to the boy, "You have never seen me before?" To which the boy replied, "No, father!"

"WAITER," called the customer in a restaurant where an orchestra was playing.

"Yes, sir."

"Kindly tell the leader of the orchestra to play something sad and low while I dine. I want to see if it will have a softening influence on this steak."

A LITTLE girl said to me, "Are there people on the moon?" I said I didn't know, but that perhaps there were. "Well, what do they do," she said, "when there's only a little bit? They must get very crowded, don't they?"

THERE is an old story to the effect that a Scot, when viewing the Niagara Falls, was asked by an American, "Have you ever seen anything so remarkable or curious?" The Scot made reply, "As for remarkable I'll no' say, but as for curious, I once saw a hen wi' a wooden leg!"

AN inspector was once visiting a school and thought he would test the intelligence of the children. So he asked them to give him a number. Somebody said 57, and the inspector wrote it down on the blackboard as 75. The children took no notice. The inspector asked for another number; some one gave him 25, and he wrote it down 52. The children remained unmoved. He asked for a third number, and this time a boy called out, "99—and you can't wangle that!"

Gems of Poetry and Prose

The Lamb.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee—
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb;
He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

MEN show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable. GOETHE.

WATCH thy tongue; out of it are the issues of life! Speak not till thy thought has silently matured itself. Speech is human; silence is divine. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into time, and grows through all eternity. THOMAS CARLYLE.

AH, how much good we may do each other by a few friendly words; and the opportunities for them are so much more frequent than for friendly deeds.

GEORGE ELIOT.

GOD be in my mouth
And in my speaking;
God be in my heart
And in my thinking.

PRYMER OF SALISBURY (1531).

A NEEDLE'S eye is wide enough for two friends. The whole world is too narrow for two foes.

PERSIAN PROVERB.

No endeavour is in vain—
The reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

OUT OF DOORS IN JUNE

THIS is one of the most beautiful months of the year. The hedgerows and trees are in full leaf, the banks are gay with wild flowers, birds are singing and flying about to gather food for their young ones.

In the gardens the apple blossom is out, the golden tassels of the laburnum hang gracefully from the tree, the red, white, and pink hawthorn are in full bloom, and the lilac, with its delicate flowers and fresh green leaves, refreshes us with its delicious, healthy perfume.

A little while ago I was standing in a pretty secluded garden, watching the birds and delighting in their freedom from fear. Friends of mine, who live in the house belonging to that pretty garden, have for years fed the birds and made friends of them. Consequently the little creatures know that they have nothing to fear from any one there. I have watched one of my friends go into the garden with bits of nut or crumbs in her hand, give a little

DORMOUSE.

musical call, and at once the birds were fluttering round waiting for the food to be thrown to them, or daintily pecking it from her open hand. A robin waited one day when she was in the garden, and she asked, "Do you want a nut?" and the robin at once followed her into the house to get it.

I waited in the front garden one day for the lady of the house, and as I stood quietly there in the garden path I became conscious that birds were gathering all round me, watching to see if I had any food for them, their beautiful feathers shining in the sunlight.

It was very different when I was in the south of France and had tea out of doors in the still autumn days. In vain I tried to tempt the birds to come for crumbs. They would not approach nearer than ten yards, then picked up the crumbs and flew away in great terror.

In your country walks along the lanes you will sometimes see a dormouse moving quickly along the hedgerows in its brown coat with a white patch on the breast. It lives on nuts and seeds, wild fruits and insects.

GOLDEN-CRESTED WREN.

In the woods, among the topmost branches of the trees, you may hear a tiny bird singing softly. It has beautiful brown, yellow, and orange feathers, and builds its nest in a curious way, as if it were hanging from the branches of a tree, often from the spruce-fir tree. This tiny bird is the golden-crested wren, and is one of the smallest birds in Europe.

Take a walk down by the stream and look on the surface of a little pool away from the stream. You will see plants floating on the water, each one bearing white flowers with yellow centres. This is the water-buttercup, and near it often grow the tiny green plants, each with just one small leaf, called duckweed. The duckweed has tiny greenish flowers, but these do not appear till July.

REED WARBLER.

Before leaving the stream we may, if we listen carefully, hear the song of the reed warbler. This bird arrives from Africa in April or May. It builds a nest of dead grasses and hangs it cleverly among the reeds and rushes where it makes its home.

It does not like to be interrupted in its song, and shows its displeasure by commencing to sing a hurried series of notes, as if it were scolding those who had broken in on its singing. These notes are very distinct, and one would miss them very much were they not heard in the reed-beds and marshes.

The Adventures of Steaky, Gogo, and Binks.

WHILE Steaky, Gogo, and Binks had been busy over their meal, they had forgotten to look after their boat, and when they looked up they saw that it had gone off on a voyage of discovery of its own.

It stood away out to sea for about twenty yards!

All the previous troubles of the boys sank into insignificance compared with this one. What were they to do? And how were they to get home? This was a serious business, for night was coming on black and ghost-like, with trails and wreaths of whirling mist. They retreated to the highest rock, and as Gogo was the only one who knew anything about swimming, they begged him to swim out to the boat, and fetch her to, if possible. Steaky and Binks only understood swimming with one foot on the bottom of the swimming bath, so in urging Gogo they became so eager that they tore off his clothes and tumbled him into the sea. He made for the boat, and by good luck caught her, swallowed a good deal of sea water on the way, and at last dragged himself aboard. Pulling the boat back gradually and slowly, he at last brought her up near the place where Steaky and Binks were standing. With difficulty they got into the boat, which now began to move slowly towards the cliffs, until it came in front of a cave, which they had always been told was the Smugglers' Cave, and that it had a secret passage at the back, which formed an exit only known to a few desperate and dangerous men.

All kinds of stories were told of this cave, and our wanderers hardly knew whether they were less safe on the sea than in this gloomy and mysterious cavern. As the boat glided into the darkness, they saw a gaunt spectre, with long, grey, shaggy hair and beard, rise to its full height, point to them, and demand,—

"Who are you, and why do you dare to visit the Smugglers' Cave?"

As the boys were too alarmed to reply, the figure moved toward them and pulled the boat into the cave. Two other forms, no less terrifying, then appeared, and as the boys lay huddled in the boat one man called out,—

"Hallo, you there! Friend or foe? Give the password."

Gogo stammered out,—

"F-f-friend, sir, and we don't know the password."

"Don't know it?" said the man. "Then we must teach it to you with a rope's end. Get out of the boat."

At this the boys got out yelling, and the three cave-men approached them. As they did so, Binks suddenly stooped down as if to look for something; then he sprang to his feet with a cry, snatched off the old man's beard, and shouted,—

"It's Billy M'Callum. I know him by his socks."

Gogo and Steaky fell on the other two "smugglers," stripped them of their disguises, and administered a few good whacks whenever and wherever they could conveniently do so, to pay their schoolfellows off for the fright they had given them.

The three "smugglers" confessed they had watched the boys all afternoon, and waited for them in the cave.

Into the boat they all went, and managed to get back without further squabbles to their destination. They laugh about their adventure now, but it is still not safe for Billy M'Callum and Co. to talk too much about passwords or the Smugglers' Cave.

The Flowery Land.

FAR away from this country, in the Pacific Ocean, there is a group of islands which form the country of Japan. It is often called the Land of the Rising Sun, because it lies to the east, and the sun rises in the east. It is also called the Flowery Land, because probably nowhere in the world do people love flowers and care for them so much as the Japanese do. They keep holidays and festivals to celebrate the time when certain flowers appear. One of the most noted of these is that of the cherry blossom. During the Prince of Wales's recent visit to Japan he saw and was delighted with this event. In the month of April the double cherry blossom appears, and the trees are covered with the delicate white flowers, till the place looks like fairyland. The shops are closed on the day of the festival, and men, women, and children go out to gaze on their land in its beauty. In the evening lanterns are lighted, and there is a display of fireworks. Japanese painting and poetry for over a thousand years have been devoted to the subject; and every schoolgirl is able to recite poems about it.

Other flower festivals are held to show the beauties of such flowers as morning-glory, wistaria, iris, and chrysanthemum. In the autumn when the leaves of the maple tree turn scarlet a holiday is also held.

The Japanese are a little people with yellow faces, long straight black hair, and bright black eyes. They are a very happy, laughing people; the mothers tie their babies on their backs and take them wherever they go — to the temple, the market, and the shops. In this picture a sister is carrying her baby brother on her back. She wears a long gown with a broad sash round the waist, tied behind in a big bow. Her boots are flat blocks of wood, with a strap across the foot to keep the boot from falling off. While carrying baby in this way she can play games, and run and jump. Baby is shaken about a good deal, but he does not seem to mind that at all. He drops off to sleep while his nurse is making mud-pies or playing at ball. The father, too, often carries the baby on his back while he is at work. The babies are very happy, and it is said they seldom cry; their parents are very loving and kind to them. The children are taught that whatever they have to do, and however much they may dislike their duty, they must smile as they perform it. When trouble comes they must face it with a smile, and not let their friends be told of it. They must not show anger, nor must they scold or quarrel. Fathers and mothers in Japan care more for their boys than they do for their girls. The girls have to wait on the boys. The Japs think this is right; we think it quite wrong. We teach our boys to be kind and helpful to the girls, and to treat them with consideration.

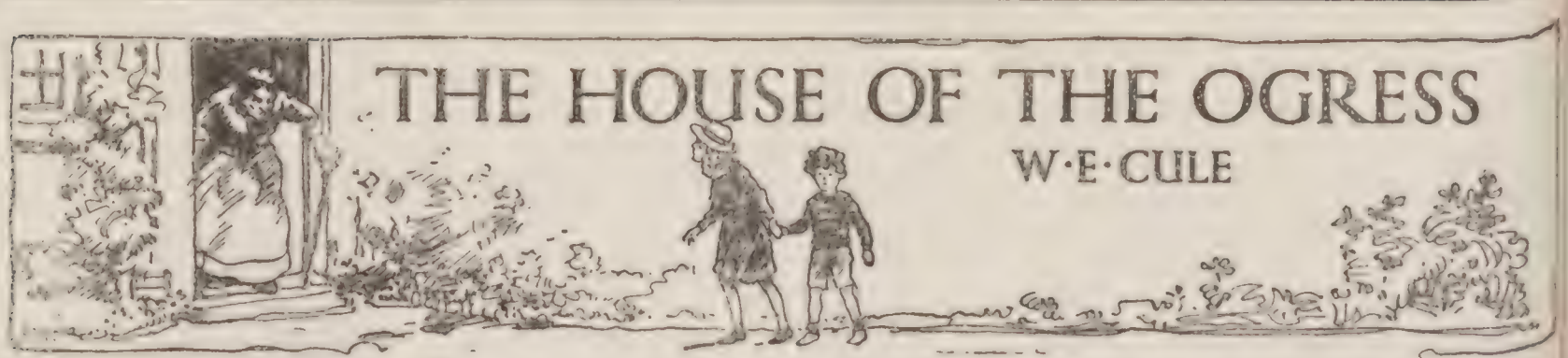
The dress of the Japanese is very beautiful; it is made of fine materials, is gaily coloured, and often covered with exquisite embroidery, worked by the skilful fingers of the people. They are very clean in their persons and love to take hot baths; and they keep their clothes and houses neat and clean. They have beautiful manners: there is much bowing and smiling when they entertain visitors. They spend a good deal of time in the fresh air, and are fond of all beautiful things. In fencing, wrestling, and juggling they are very clever. Both men and women use fans, and thousands are made and sent to other countries; they also carry paper umbrellas.

Japanese gardens are very interesting. In a small space there will be a stream, a waterfall, tiny trees of great age, and flowers, all crowded together.

In the houses there is very little furniture, just a bed, chair, table, and perhaps one really beautiful ornament. The Japanese do not believe in useless crowding of things that are neither beautiful nor useful.

Earthquakes frequently occur in the Flowery Land, and cause the houses to shake; and sometimes many lives are lost, as in the one which took place last April.

The people cultivate rice and tea, manufacture silks, ornaments, and furniture. Their boys are taught to be very brave and to love their land. They learn military drill in the schools, and often make long marches, each boy carrying himself with dignity when marching. They are already soldiers when the time comes for them to join the army.



THE HOUSE OF THE OGRESS

W·E·CULE

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNBELIEVING GARDENER.

THE gardener was greatly surprised at what happened afterwards. For a few minutes Avril gazed at that top window as though she could not take her eyes away. Tears began running down her cheeks, too, as fast as they could run.

"Dear me!" he said. "What is all this for? Is that little boy a friend of yours?"

"I—I don't know him at all," sobbed Avril. "But every little boy is a f-friend of mine. And this one is going to be eaten!"

The gardener could hardly believe his ears, so she had to explain. "I met him in the train," she said, "and he told me he was awfully afraid of that wo-woman. He said she was an ogre-ess. And those ogre-esses eat boys and girls."

The gardener seemed to understand better now. "Ah!" he said slowly, "now I begin to see. But I don't think it's quite so bad as that, you know. Dry your eyes now, and listen; there, that's right. Well, you see, boys and girls often imagine things that are not true. Don't they?"

Avril looked up. "Is that window true or not?" she asked plainly; and the gardener smiled.

"It's quite true," he said, "but perhaps not so bad as you think. That little boy came here about a week ago, and for the first days he used to be about the garden a good bit. Yesterday I saw him at that window, and he's there to-day. Isn't it quite likely that he has just caught a cold, and is being kept in till he gets better?"

Avril did not answer.

"Or," said the gardener, "isn't it just as likely that he has been disobedient, and is shut up in his room for a punishment? It sometimes happens, you know."

It sometimes did happen, as Avril knew quite well.

"I should like to know for certain sure," she said. "I wish I could go right into the house and see. Then I would be satisfied."

"Why not go to the door and knock?" asked the gardener. "Anyway, they can't eat you."

Really, he was almost stupid. "Why, that's the very thing they would do," she cried. "Besides, didn't the man say there was no boy in the house?"

The gardener had quite forgotten. "Why so he did," he said. "I heard it myself. Well in that case it's no good calling, is it?"

"And I suppose the O—I mean the woman is always there; is she?" asked Avril.

"Oh no; she is out a good deal of the day and nearly always in the afternoon. She often comes back quite late."

Avril brightened a little. That piece of news was well worth having, but she did not say why. By this time they were at the gate in the hedge, and the gardener very politely opened it for her. He was pleased to have had a visitor, and he would have liked her to stay longer; but though he was so polite there was a twinkle in his eye and a crease on each side of his mouth, for the thought of that little boy being eaten amused him greatly. And Avril had seen that look so often that she knew it quite well. Yet because he was so willing to answer questions, she asked one more.

"Do you think that the policeman would come if I asked him?" she asked, almost hopelessly.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "They're very unbelieving, those police. Besides, the nearest police station is a mile away.

"Why," he went on, "you might just as soon go and ask the Duke of Berkshire; he would be quite as likely to listen, I expect, and he's not much farther off, either. Besides, all Mayfield belongs to him, so I expect this old house belongs to him too. I daresay he would like to know about an Ogress being in a house that belongs to him."

"Do you really think so?" asked Avril doubtfully, yet with a sudden hope; and she did not see the gardener smile as he answered:

"If you went to him, I think he should be grateful, anyway. It would do him good, I am sure. But I'm not sure that he would believe it all."

"No," said Avril; "that's the trouble. Ogres and giants and such things do all their wickedness because people won't believe they're there."

"That's it, no doubt. But we unbelievers can't help it, can we? And I hope you're not cross with me?"

"Certainly not," said Avril; "only a bit disappointed. And now I think I must go."

So, very gravely, she said, "Good afternoon!" and walked away down the road. The gardener looked after her for a little while, still smiling, and then he returned to his long-handled fork.

He had been digging potatoes, and for the next two hours he went on steadily with his work. He was quite a young man and strong, and the heat of the day did not worry him much; but it was soon quite clear that there was something else that did. The creases left his mouth and came into his forehead instead, and the eyes that had twinkled at Avril's story began to look serious and puzzled.

"Now, why did that man say that there was no boy in the house? The little chap is lonely, and a friend would be the very thing for him. But they don't want no little girl calling there, and the question is—*why?* Well, of course, they may have a good reason; but if they haven't any good reason, it's quite possible they've a bad one. Oh no, I don't know about Ogres and Ogre-esses—that's not my line—but I should like to ask them why they get so much corn for such a small lot of poultry, that I should. Anyway, I think it might be worth while to talk it over with brother Jim. We'll see."

But long before the gardener came to the end of his thinking Avril came to the end of hers. It had bothered her all the way down the road, so at last she had gone into a field and had sat down in a quiet spot at the foot of a big tree.

There she had turned it all over once more—the gardener's arguments, which had been so very plain and persuading, and all the other everyday things that were against her; and on the other side she had only one thing—the saying of a little boy. For, of course, the grimness of the Culver House and the face at the window might mean nothing at all—just nothing.

Now at that point most girls would have given it up and gone back to Homelands, and in a day or two forgotten all about the Culver House and its windows. But Avril did not do this, because her thoughts held other things besides the gardener's arguments and the things she had actually seen and heard. Beyond and behind and over all these was the thought of the blue-eyed and fair-haired brother whom she knew so well, though he had left her lonely so long ago. How would she feel if he were lost, and captured by an Ogre-ess, and locked up in that dark house? And what would she think of any little girl who found that he was there and then went straight off and forgot all about him?

That question settled it all. She dried her eyes—they were misty with so much thinking—and left the field, and hurried down to the cross-roads again.

At that time it was not quite the middle of the afternoon, and the whole place was very quiet; but as it happened the Mayfield postman was just coming home from his round. He was a stooping, grey-haired man, with a red face, and wearing spectacles; and he looked at Avril quite stupidly when she asked her question:

"If you please, Postman, which is the way to the Duke's house?"

CHAPTER V.

THE HOUSE WHERE THE DUKE LIVED.

THE village postman was not only old and short-sighted; he was slow, and dull, and unbelieving. At first he could not hear what Avril said; and when she made him hear, he could not believe that he had heard aright. At last, however, he began to understand that she had really said what she had said. Then he was puzzled and provoking.

"The Duke's house?" he said. "Do you mean the Duke of Berkshire's house?"

"Yes, yes—that's right!" said Avril encouragingly.

"He lives in the Court, and the Court is inside a great Park." And then he looked very

wise. "A Duke's residence is hardly ever called a house, my child, except when it's in London. In the country it's usually a castle, or a hall, or a court."

He liked to show this little girl how much he knew about such things, and no doubt he did know a good deal, being a postman; but Avril had no time just then for lessons of this kind.

"Thank you so much," she cried eagerly. "I'm sure I shan't forget. But which is the way to the Park where the Court is?"

The old postman said that it was about two miles. Then he added that it would take half an hour in quick walking, besides which there was another half-mile of Park and carriage drive at the end of the walk. Avril was off without waiting to hear the rest. She gave a hurried "Thank you so much!" and darted away, leaving him standing there with his mouth open and his brown finger pointing. And when he saw her flying down the road he turned and went his way with just one remark in a scornful and discontented grunt:

"H'm! Duke's *house*, indeed!"

Avril did not once turn to look behind. She had a long journey before her, for she had to go there and back; and though it was still early in the afternoon, there was probably no time to lose if she meant to be back by tea-time. Of course, she must not worry Aunt Hilda by being late for tea. So off she raced, with the firm resolve to do the two miles in less than half an hour—if it was possible.

The Rodley Road was a good road, broad, white, and well kept, with a nice brown footpath on the left-hand side; but it was a winding road too, always going out of sight round a curve and never opening out to show you the end of the journey. At each curve Avril was hot with expectation, but it seemed a long, long while before she knew that she had passed the last of them. Really, it was only about twenty-five minutes, and she had done the journey very well indeed. For now the great old wall that skirted the road had a wide gateway in it, with tall iron gates, all beautifully worked. In the centre of each wing of the gate was a shield, with a coat of arms on it, and on each broad stone gatepost sat a bronze lion holding up another shield.

The carriage drive within the gates was broad and clean, and stretched away between borders of green lawn and tall trees; and just within the gates was a fine old lodge of grey stone, half overgrown with ivy. Up the road beyond the gates a man was walking a tall chestnut horse slowly up and down. She felt sure that this man was the lodge-keeper.

It was all very splendid, and if her business hadn't been so important Avril would never have dreamed of going inside. As it was, she was

brave enough for anything to-day, and she scarcely even hesitated. The man in the distance had his back to her, and she must not wait for him to turn and see her.

At the lodge side of the great closed gates there was a smaller gate, just a little ajar. She pushed it wide, gave a sigh of relief when it moved without noise, closed it gently behind her, and then raced off again down the broad avenue.

There came striding down the drive to meet her an army officer, very tall, straight, and stern, splendidly neat in his khaki clothes with belts and straps, and with his shining spurs and riding-whip. Avril's heart sank when she saw him, but it was too late to try to escape by slipping aside among the shrubs. He had seen her—he was looking at her in surprise. She stopped running and went straight on. There was nothing else to do. Perhaps he would only stare and wonder, and never think of stopping her.

But the danger did not stare and pass on. Avril's fear was plain in her warm little face, and the officer noticed it at once. He looked and looked again, and then he stopped. She was almost past him then, but of course she could not hurry on, his look said "Stop" so very plainly. So she stopped and waited.

"What is the matter?" asked the tall officer gravely. "Where are you going?"

The first question was hard, but the second seemed easy. "If you please," said Avril, breathless from hurrying, "I'm going to see the Duke."

The officer seemed a good bit surprised. He looked again at the strained, eager, warm little face with the nervous fear in the brown eyes.

"Indeed?" he said. "And what do you want with the Duke? And who are you?"

Now Avril would have been quite willing to tell him the whole story, because the face that looked down at her in such surprise was not at all unkind. Indeed, it was a grave, pleasant face, and the voice was quite gentle. But the story was long and the time was short, and all the while Boy Harold was a prisoner in the old house by Mayfield. So she explained as politely as she could.

"Please," she said, "I am Avril Hayes, and I don't belong to this place, but came to pay a visit to my uncle at Mayfield. I can't tell you all about why I want to see the Duke, because it's such a long story, but it's really very important business."

When she had finished, the tall officer seemed quite persuaded. There was even a kind of smile in his grave, grey eyes. He looked at her again very carefully, and then he looked at his watch. Really, he was in a hurry himself, and his horse was waiting out in the road.

"Well," he said, "this seems very interesting. I am quite sorry that I am not to hear your story. But perhaps I can help you a little."

He thought for a moment, still looking at her with that quaint half-smile; then he took out a letter-case and a pencil, and wrote something on a slip of paper. "When you reach the Court," he said, as he folded it carefully, "you must not ask for the Duke; you must ask for the Lady Gwendolin. Do you understand? When you see her just give her this note, and I am sure she will do all she can to help you."

Danger, indeed! Avril felt all her courage return, and her face glowed as she took the folded paper. She said "Thank you" as prettily as she could, and then, with another smile and a friendly nod, the tall officer went his way with long, rapid strides. And he never once looked back.

Avril had little time to think or wonder. Holding the paper tightly, she hastened on, and in five minutes saw the avenue open out before her to show a long white house with tall towers and many large windows, all standing behind wide stretches of lawn and terraces of wonderful flowers. In the centre was a great doorway with a glass porch—a porch almost as large as some houses would be—and without waiting to be afraid she went straight on.

Within the porch, beautifully shady and green with palms, was the great door of the house itself, with a tall gentleman in black standing on the threshold. He was a splendid gentleman, wise-looking and stately, and Avril thought for a moment that he must be a bishop. She had once seen the Bishop of Essex at Eastgate-on-Sea, and this stately gentleman might well have been his brother. But she remembered just in time that it was a duke and not a bishop that lived here.

"Please," she said, "are you the Duke?"

(To be continued.)

Our Competitions.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 48. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

PORTRAIT COMPETITION.

Guess the names of the people represented here. Write the name in the space at the foot of each portrait. Cut the pictures out in one piece, and forward it to the Editress each month, as long as the competition lasts.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write an account of Josiah, the boy king of Judah. (Not to exceed 200 words.)

INTELLIGENCE TESTS.

1. Which bird secures its food by fishing ?
2. How does a toad obtain its food ?
3. What is an insect ?
4. In writing a business letter how would you begin it and end it ?
5. Which is the most restful colour for the eyes ?
6. What is a canal ?
7. What is meant by hard and soft water ?

5. No answers received later than **June 15** will be considered.

[*We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.*]

Competitions for June.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested NOT TO ENCLOSE *stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.*

8. What is meant by B.A., B.Sc., D.O.R.A., and R.A.F. ?
9. What is meant by *viz.*, *i.e.*, *e.g.*, and *D.V.* ?
10. Explain S.O.S., A.B., and G.R.
11. How can you tell the age of a tree ?
12. What name is sometimes given to an oak tree and why ?

For Children under Twelve only.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Write out the story of Lazarus and his sisters.

Prize List for April.

Portraits of Distinguished Prize-Winners.

On the left Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent, aged 8 years.

On the right Zoe Ethel Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey, aged 10 years.

Essay Competition.

[This Poem has been sent in by Peggy Brown, 102 Glasgow Road, Clydebank (aged 13 years), to whom a book prize has been awarded.]

The Sea.

I wandered by the seashore,
  And, as I walked, I thought
Where has the mighty sea come from?
  And what message has it brought?

Perhaps it's come from Eastern lands,
  Perhaps from Crusoe Isles,
And perhaps a little girl like me
  Is sending thoughts and smiles.

Perhaps a little boy, too,
  From some far distant land
Is sending thoughts, and messages,
  Which boys can understand.

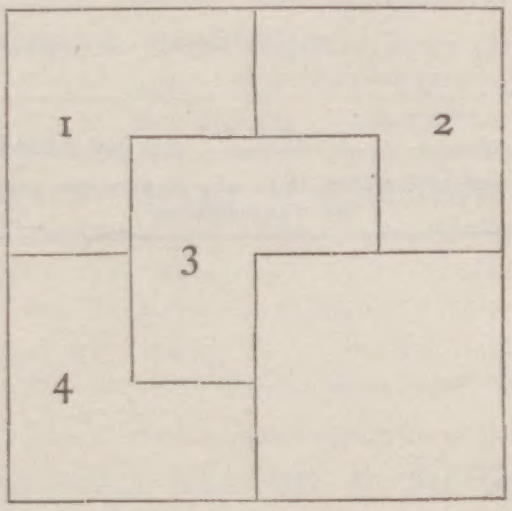
Highly Commended.—Leslie Hart, 8 Preshaw Crescent, Lower Green West, Mitcham; William White, 23 Bank Street, Greenock.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (A).

Prize-Winners.—Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton. Kathleen Atchison, Kilgrain, Cloyfin, Coleraine.

Highly Commended.—Edward Macmillan, 6 Victoria Street, Alloa; Winnie Sexey, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Puzzle Competition.



Solution to Puzzle.

Prize-Winners.—Norman D. Brown, Brongreye, Cyprus Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast. John Gardner, 10 South Vesalius Street, Shettleston, Glasgow. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent.

Highly Commended. — Jessie M'Clean, Ballyblack, Newtownards, County Down; Nettie Kennedy, 276 High Street, Glasgow; Allan Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall; Violet Ogg, Spiers Hall, Yoker; Lizzie Barrie, 25 Kensington Gardens, Ilford, Essex; Malcolm M'Kibbin, Ardmore, Malone Park, Belfast; William Shaw, 662 Yoker Road, Scotstoun, Glasgow; R. Stuart Sanderson, 36 Morningside Drive, Edinburgh; Jeanie Mitchell, 93 Wallace Street, Falkirk; Leslie O. Hart, 8 Preshaw Crescent, Lower Green West, Mitcham; Wilfrid Fenton, 29 Braid Road, Edinburgh; May Wilson, 47 Muirpark, Eskbank, Dalkeith; Herbert Brown, 38 Cyprus Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast; James Rankine, 5 Pretoria Street, Cambuslang; Fred Tughan, 24 Ballyholme Road, Bangor, County Down; William Anderson, 4 Muir Street, Springburn, Glasgow; James Barrie, 25 Kensington Gardens, Ilford; Samuel Apsley, New Avenue, Dunmurry, County Antrim; Jane Nicolson, 25 Bell Street, Glasgow; John Semple, Galloney, Strabane, County Tyrone; Ian G. Warnock, 98 Minard Road, Crossmyloof, Glasgow; Samuel Pyper, Wayside Cottage, Whitehead, Antrim; Ina Glass, Elmfield Place, Dalkeith; John A. Imrie, 64 Westmorland Street, Crosshill, Glasgow; A. D. Drury, Star Stile, Halstead, Essex; Jenny Drummond, 73 Stewarton Drive, Cambuslang; Bernard Gibbs, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Mary Sandeman, Via del Casato, 5, Siena, Italy; Annie Lemon, New Line, Saintfield, County Down.

Scripture Knowledge Competition (A).

Prize-Winners.—Ruby Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow. John Cree, Poleglass, Dunmurry, County Antrim.

Highly Commended.—Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton.

Composition Competition.

Prize-Winners.—Bertie Henderson, 11 Murieston Crescent, Edinburgh. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent.

Highly Commended.—Pauline Stammers, Rutlands Thorpe, Norwich; Sheila Mathers, 6 Oxmantown Mall, Birr, Ireland; Fred Driver, 134 Cockhill Lane, Rubery,

Birmingham; Robert Calwell, 198 Old Park Road, Belfast; Frank Hoseler, 31 North Street, Halstead, Essex; May Wilkinson, 318 Byres Road, Glasgow; Elsie Falconer, 239 Dalry Road, Edinburgh; Tom Hoey, 86 Drumfrockar Road, Greenock; Patsy Hornbrook, Mabel Sandler, Beth Robinson, M. Beatie, and Muriel Sykes, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Douglas Forbes, 129 Renfrew Street, Glasgow; Annie Lemon, New Line, Saintfield, County Down; Isa Cree, Poleglass, Dunmurry, County Antrim.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winner.—Matthew Stevenson, Glenview, Chapel hall.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winners.—Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent. Jean Morgan, Vesper Cottage, Lenzie, by Glasgow.

Highly Commended.—Gordon Lennox, 23 Kelvinside Gardens E., Glasgow; Fred Driver, 136 Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham; Zoe Ethel Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey; Muriel Sykes, Beth Robinson, Mabel Sandler, Rose Holstein, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Jean Macarthur, 44 Brisbane Street, Greenock.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Patsy Hornbrook, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Philip Goode, The Whetty, Rubery, near Birmingham.

Highly Commended.—Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Prize-Winners.—Zoe Ethel Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey. Arthur Bugbee, Snowden Fen, Halstead, Essex.

Highly Commended.—Douglas D. Wyse, The Lodge, Ferryhill School, Aberdeen; Frank Dipper, New Road, Rubery, near Birmingham; Marie Cunliffe and Edith Hunt, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Doris Luther, Walcot, Rubery, near Birmingham; Reggie Beach, Wyvern, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Beth Cree, Poleglass, Dunmurry, County Antrim.

Letter from the Editress.

MY DEAR READERS,

It is a great pleasure to me to have had so many answers sent in for the Competitions. Many of these show great care and attention to the subject, and some of the drawings are very well done. Mary Gumbleton has won three prizes, so we print her portrait in this number, along with that of Zoe Ethel Stericker, whose work was specially good. In writing poetry it must be remembered that the words are not merely strung together to make a rhyme; they must make sense too.

The daffodil drawings were good, and show a good deal of taste, especially in the work of the prize-winners.

Nearly all those who went in for the puzzle competition worked it out correctly, so the prizes were given to those who sent the neatest solution and who explained it most clearly. A large number were deservedly highly commended.

In putting certain words into sentences there were a large number that were correct. Here again neatness and correct underlining of the word chosen were taken into account in awarding the prizes.

The drawing of the oak leaf and acorn was fairly well done by many, the prize-winner coming easily first. The best drawings were shown in the competition for the drawing of a parrot, and many are highly commended.

The letters telling me what some of my readers wish to be when they grow up were very interesting and sensible.

Excellent work was done in describing the Bible picture, especially by the scholars of the Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Only one answer was sent giving the life of St. John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

Several good mottoes were sent in and will appear in due course.

The personal letters I received interested me greatly. All our readers seem pleased with the changes in the paper. We shall try to give "Edward" (Alloa) some more experiments to try soon, and I am much obliged to Patsy Hornbrook for her suggestion about the coupon, which shall be carried out. I congratulate Peggy Jack on her very successful school career, and on the capital letter she wrote. I hope she will do as well after she leaves school. I will put the riddle sent to me by Brian Osborne among the "Smiles," also his "fishing" story. Helen Kerrigan sent me a very nice little essay on the motto, which I read with pleasure, but this was not required by the competitions.

Zoe Stericker and Doris Luther asked for some information about butterflies, and I have given it in this number. I thank Mary Mooney for her story which appears in "Smiles," and I will see that there is a sewing or knitting article in the *Children's Paper* for July.—I am, yours sincerely,

THE EDITRESS.

"CHILDREN'S PAPER"
COMPETITION FORM. [June

Name.....

Address.....

..... *Age last Birthday*.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

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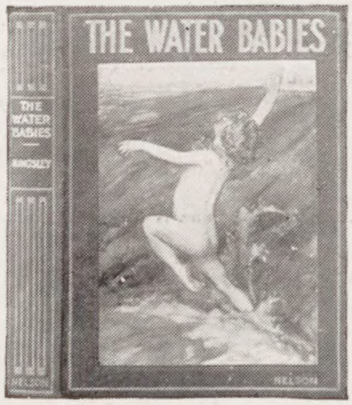

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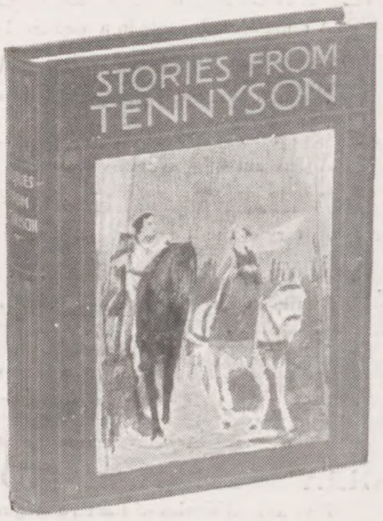

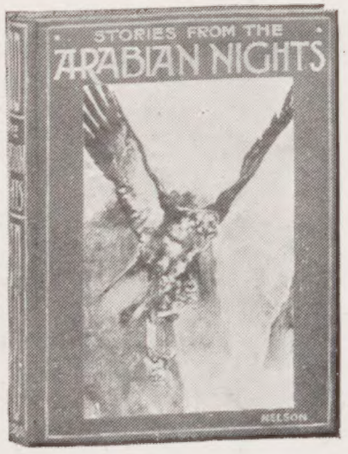

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